

CLIVE BARKER'S

# HELLRAISER™ BESTIARY

#6  
of 6



Christopher Sebela  
Christian Francis  
Ben Meares  
Mark Miller  
Matt Battaglia  
Peter Bergting  
Carlos Magno

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS



CLIVE BARKER'S

# HELLRAISER™

## BESTIARY

Hellraiser created by Clive Barker

“A Place For Every Thing”

Written by Christopher Sebela

Illustrated by Matt Battaglia

“The Science Of Madness”

Written by Christian Francis with Ben Meares

Illustrated by Peter Bergting

“The Hunted, Part Six”

Written by Ben Meares & Mark Miller

Illustrated by Carlos Magno

Colors by Matt Battaglia

Letters by Travis Lanham

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Special Thanks to Gareth Barker, Vicky Barker and Patricia Fidanza

**BOOM!**  
STUDIOS

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WELCOME  
TO HELL.

HOUSE AFTER HOUSE  
OF PERFECT LAWNS.  
SPACIOUS LIVING ROOMS.  
HAPPY FAMILIES.

ONE SAMEY ONE  
AFTER ANOTHER.

THEY  
HATE ME.  
BECAUSE I'M  
DIFFERENT.

I SEE THEIR  
SIDELONG STARES.  
THEIR LITTLE  
WHISPERING FITS  
WHEN I GO BY.

I DON'T  
THINK ABOUT  
THEM AT ALL.

I THINK ABOUT  
MY HOUSE, ABOUT  
MY SECRETS. IT'S  
ALL I EVER THINK  
ABOUT LATELY.

THAT NO ONE CAN EVER KNOW, WHAT  
THEY'D DO IF THEY FOUND OUT. HOW  
THEY'D TRY TO TAKE IT ALL AWAY.

THEY WOULDN'T  
UNDERSTAND.

I DON'T FIT  
INTO THEIR  
NEAT LITTLE  
BOXES. I  
NEVER DID.

THEY CAN  
ONLY DREAM  
OF HAVING  
WHAT I  
HAVE.

ALL THESE  
TREASURES.

THEY ALL  
BELONG  
TO ME.

A PLACE FOR EVERY THING



BAM  
BAM  
BAM

I USED TO WAKE UP AFRAID.



NEVER SURE WHAT CITY OR STATE MOMMA HAD MOVED US TO THIS TIME.



WHEREVER I WOKE UP WOULD BE EMPTY. MOMMA OFF SOMEWHERE, WITH SOME NEW SOMEONE. JUST ME AND THE THINGS WE'D ACCUMULATED TO KEEP ME COMPANY.

NO ONE TO TELL ME IT WOULD ALL BE OKAY. BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T. BUT THE THINGS REASURRED ME.



NEVER MADE FRIENDS FOR LONG. MOMMA'S BOYFRIENDS ALL RESENTED ME.

DADDY LEFT LONG AGO. ALL I HAD WAS A FEW PIECES OF MAIL WITH HIS NAME ON IT, A PAIR OF DICE AND SOME BOOTS THAT BELONGED TO HIM.

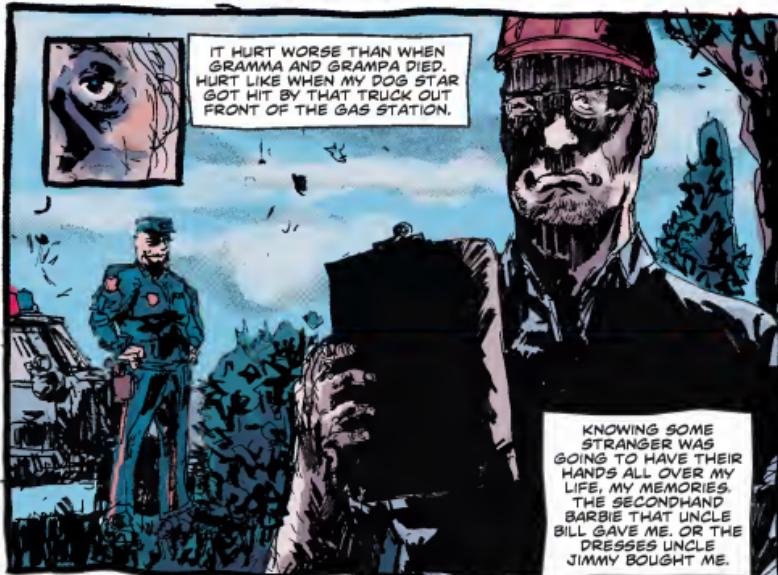
MY THINGS WERE ALL I EVER HAD.

BAM  
BAM  
BAM

EVERY TIME WE MOVED, WE ONLY TOOK WHATEVER WE COULD FIT IN MOMMA'S HATCHBACK.



ME CRYING, TRYING TO CHOOSE WHICH THING WAS MORE IMPORTANT, LIKE WHICH LEG WAS MORE VALUABLE.



IT HURT WORSE THAN WHEN GRAMMA AND GRAMPA DIED. HURT LIKE WHEN MY DOG STAR GOT HIT BY THAT TRUCK OUT FRONT OF THE GAS STATION.

KNOWING SOME STRANGER WAS GOING TO HAVE THEIR HANDS ALL OVER MY LIFE, MY MEMORIES. THE SECONDHAND BARBIE THAT UNCLE BILL GAVE ME. OR THE DRESSES UNCLE JIMMY BOUGHT ME.

I SCREAMED, BIT AND KICKED MY FEET. MOMMA'D SHAKE HER HEAD, TELL ME THIS FOR MY OWN GOOD.



SMILED LIKE SHE WASN'T RIPPING MY HEART OUT.

I MOVED IN 35 YEARS AGO. OUT OF THE APARTMENT I'D BEEN SHARING WITH MOMMA AND HER NEW HUSBAND, ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO ARKANSAS, WHERE I'D BEEN BORN.

I GOT A JOB IN A LIBRARY AND I RENTED THE FIRST HOUSE THAT SPOKE TO ME. IT WAS ALL I COULD AFFORD, BUT IT WAS MINE.



I MET A MAN, JOHN, WORKED AT THE MUSEUM AS A SECURITY GUARD. HE SWEEPED ME OFF MY FEET, WE BOUGHT THE HOUSE.

WE BUILT A LIFE TOGETHER. I CLIPPED ARTICLES, I BROUGHT HOME ORPHANED BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY, GAVE THEM A NEW LIFE.

WE HAD SALLY AND JOHN JR. AND I THOUGHT THINGS WOULD BE BETTER, BUT I ONLY GOT MORE NERVOUS, BECAME MORE CONCERNED WITH WHAT THE WORLD WOULD DO. TO THEM. TO MY MEMORIES OF THEM.

I KEPT EVERY REPORT CARD, EVERY FINGER PAINTED PORTRAIT. I KEPT THEIR CLOTHES AFTER THEY'D OUTGROWN THEM, SO I COULD HOLD THEM UP, REMEMBER WHEN THEY WERE SMALLER, SAFER.

JOHN SAID I WAS CRAZY, HAD A SICKNESS. HE AND THE KIDS COULDN'T LIVE LIKE THIS. BUT I ALWAYS MANAGED TO SOOTHE HIM, CONVINCE HIM WE WERE FINE.

THEY WERE ASHAMED, WE NEVER LET ANYONE SEE THE INSIDE OF OUR HOUSE. I DIDN'T MIND, I LIKED GOING OUT, SEEING THE WORLD.

FINDING MORE TREASURES TO PRESERVE.

THEY NEVER UNDERSTOOD. THESE THINGS THAT COME INTO MY LIFE. THEY SHOW UP FOR A REASON. THEY HAVE A PURPOSE.

ALL THESE PIECES OF LIFE PEOPLE THROW AWAY, I RESCUE THEM.

I GIVE THEM A PURPOSE.

I BEGGED THEM NOT TO LEAVE. I ALWAYS KNEW THEY WOULD. EVERYONE ALWAYS TRIES TO LEAVE ME.

MY FRIEND, KATHLEEN, AGREED TO PUT THE BOOKS THEY WERE THROWING OUT ASIDE FOR ME.

I DON'T EVEN TALK TO HER ANYMORE. I DON'T TALK TO ANYONE. NOT EVEN MY FAMILY. THEY WENT AWAY.

I REMEMBER THE LAST THING SALLY SAID, CRYING AND YELLING AS I MOVED BOXES OF HER GRADE SCHOOL CLOTHING INTO WHAT USED TO BE HER BEDROOM.

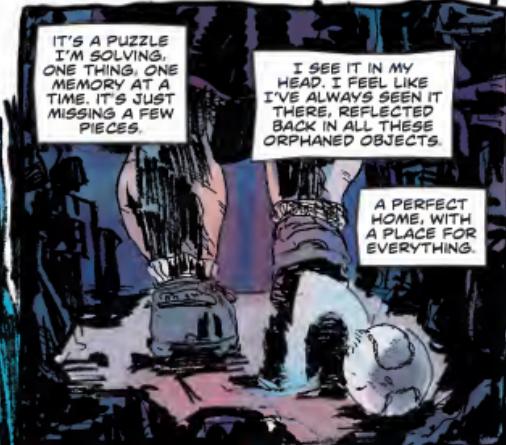
"MOMMA, THIS IS JUST GARBAGE. WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHY IS THIS STUFF MORE IMPORTANT THAN US?"

I'M NOT REPLACING PEOPLE WITH STUFF. THESE THINGS HELP ME TO CONNECT TO PEOPLE, TO THE WORLD, A PLACE WHERE EVERYTHING IS HAPPY.

MY HOME, A REMINDER OF ALL THE HOMES I NEVER HAD. FROZEN IN TIME, TIED UP WITH STRING, AN OCEAN OF LIVES.

I'LL NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN. THAT'S PART OF THE PLAN.

IT  
WAS, AT  
LEAST.



EVERYTHING  
IN ITS PLACE.



LIKE JOHN. HE  
ALWAYS LOVED THE  
LIVING ROOM. IT  
SEEMED LIKE THE  
BEST PLACE TO  
LEAVE HIS BODY.



SALLY ALWAYS SPENT  
SO MUCH TIME IN THE  
BATHROOM. SHE LIVED  
IN THE TUB AS A BABY.  
LOVED THE WATER.



JOHN JR. LOVED  
HIS MOMMA. HE  
WAS ALWAYS SO  
DELICATE.

I KEEP HIM IN  
HERE, WITH ME,  
WHERE HE'S SAFE  
AND SOUND.



OUT THERE,  
NONE OF  
THEM WOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
SAFE.

I SAVED THEM,  
LIKE I SAVE  
EVERYTHING.



I KNOW WHERE  
THEY ARE. I  
ALWAYS KNOW.

I TOLD THEM NOT  
TO LEAVE ME. I  
CLUNG TO THEM.

I MADE THEM  
STAY WITH ME AND  
I ALWAYS REMEMBER

SO I COULD SHOW  
THEM I WAS RIGHT.

NOT CRAZY.  
NOT OBSESSED.  
NOT A THREAT.

I WANTED TO  
BUILD A HOME  
A HOME SO  
WONDERFUL,  
THAT NO ONE  
COULD EVER  
TAKE IT AWAY.



A WHOLE  
WORLD OF  
MY OWN.

EVERYTHING AND  
EVERYONE I HAD  
ENOUGH TIME AND  
SPACE FOR ALL  
MY DESIRES  
FOR A THOUSAND  
LIFETIMES OF  
THINGS.

A  
PERFECT  
LIFE.

I ALWAYS  
KNEW IT WAS  
POSSIBLE.

IT'S DARK AND WARM WHEN I WAKE UP.

HELLO?

BUT I'M NOT SCARED.

EVERYTHING HAS SHIFTED, MY ORDER ALL SHUFFLED, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW.



THIS HOME WAS GETTING TOO SMALL ANYWAY.

I HAVE A WHOLE WORLD TO FILL UP NOW.

ONE MEMORY AT A TIME.

THE END

C'MON,  
YOU PIECE OF  
SHIT! SHOW ME  
SOMETHING...

...I DON'T FUCKING KNOW!!!

NOTHING...

...SHOW ME  
ANYTHING.

WHAT THE  
HELL ARE  
YOU?

FUCKING  
NOTHING!!!



WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW?

YOU GOTTA  
UNDERSTAND, IT'S  
MORE THAN JUST  
A BOX. I-I JUST  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT.

WE SIMPLY  
ASKED FOR YOU  
TO FIND OUT WHAT  
IT IS. HOW CAN  
THAT BE SO  
HARD?

BECAUSE  
THERE'S  
NOTHING! I  
MEAN--HERE,  
LOOK AT  
THIS.

AND THAT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN!  
IT'S MADE OF WOOD AND METALS,  
BUT THE WEIGHT OF IT NEGATES  
ANY POSSIBILITY OF A LEAD LINING.  
THERE'S NO POSSIBLE EXPLANATION  
I CAN THINK OF.

EVEN THE  
X-RAYS SHOW  
NOTHING.

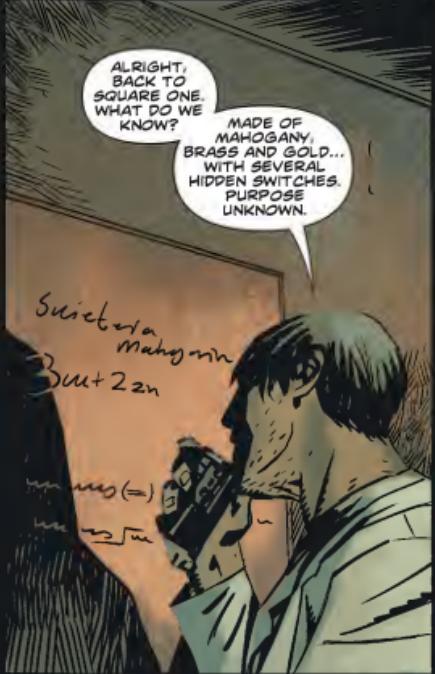
AND?

YOU ONLY HAVE  
ANOTHER THREE DAYS  
OF RESEARCH ALLOTTED,  
DOCTOR. YOU'RE GOING  
TO NEED TO THINK  
HARDER.

WITH ALL DUE  
RESPECT, I THINK  
FOR A LIVING, SIR. MY  
WORK WILL CONTINUE  
TO BE HINDERED IF I'M  
NOT ALLOWED FULL  
CONTACT.

THREE  
DAYS, DOCTOR.  
THREE DAYS.

TRUST ME,  
YOU DO NOT  
WANT TO TOUCH  
THAT BOX.





I MEAN,  
THERE ARE  
STILL QUESTIONS.  
OF COURSE, THE  
X-RAYS STILL  
HAVE ME AT  
A LOSS.  
BUT--

DOCTOR,  
YOU WERE TOLD  
NOT TO TOUCH  
THAT BOX.

YES,  
I KNOW.  
BUT...

YOU DID  
THE RIGHT  
THING.

I... I  
DID?

I WAS  
WRONG. I  
APOLOGIZE. THE  
TEST WAS A  
SUCCESS.

THANK YOU,  
SIR. THANK YOU  
SO MUCH.

CONGRATULATIONS,  
DOCTOR!

YOU  
DID SO  
WELL!

WE'RE  
ALL SO  
PROUD OF  
YOU!

YOU  
DID IT!

WE KNEW  
YOU COULD  
DO IT.

NEVER  
GAVE UP HOPE.  
NOT EVEN FOR  
A SECOND.

WE SHOULD  
GO OUT AND  
CELEBRATE!

STRANGE...

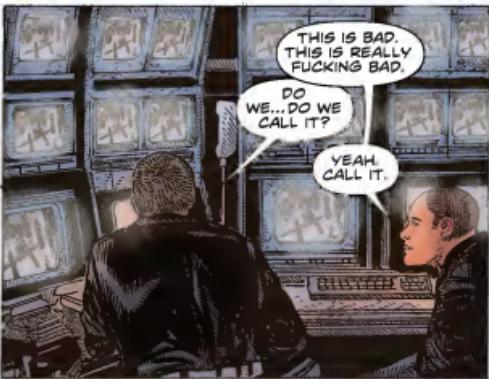


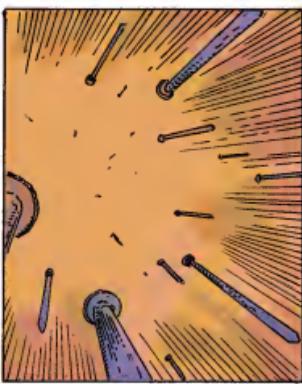
the SCIENCE of MADNESS

# THE HUNTED PART SIX















STEAL  
THE SHOW.

# THE CON JOB

JIMMY PALMIOTTI MATT BRADY DOMINIKE "DOMO" STANTON

READY TO TAKE DOWN SAN DIEGO  
MARCH 2015



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LADIES,  
IT'S TIME TO  
COME OUT  
AND PLAY!

RYAN FERRIER ★ DEVAKI NEOGI ★ NEIL LALONDE

# CURB STOMP™

THREE GANGS. FIVE GIRLS. NO WAY OUT.



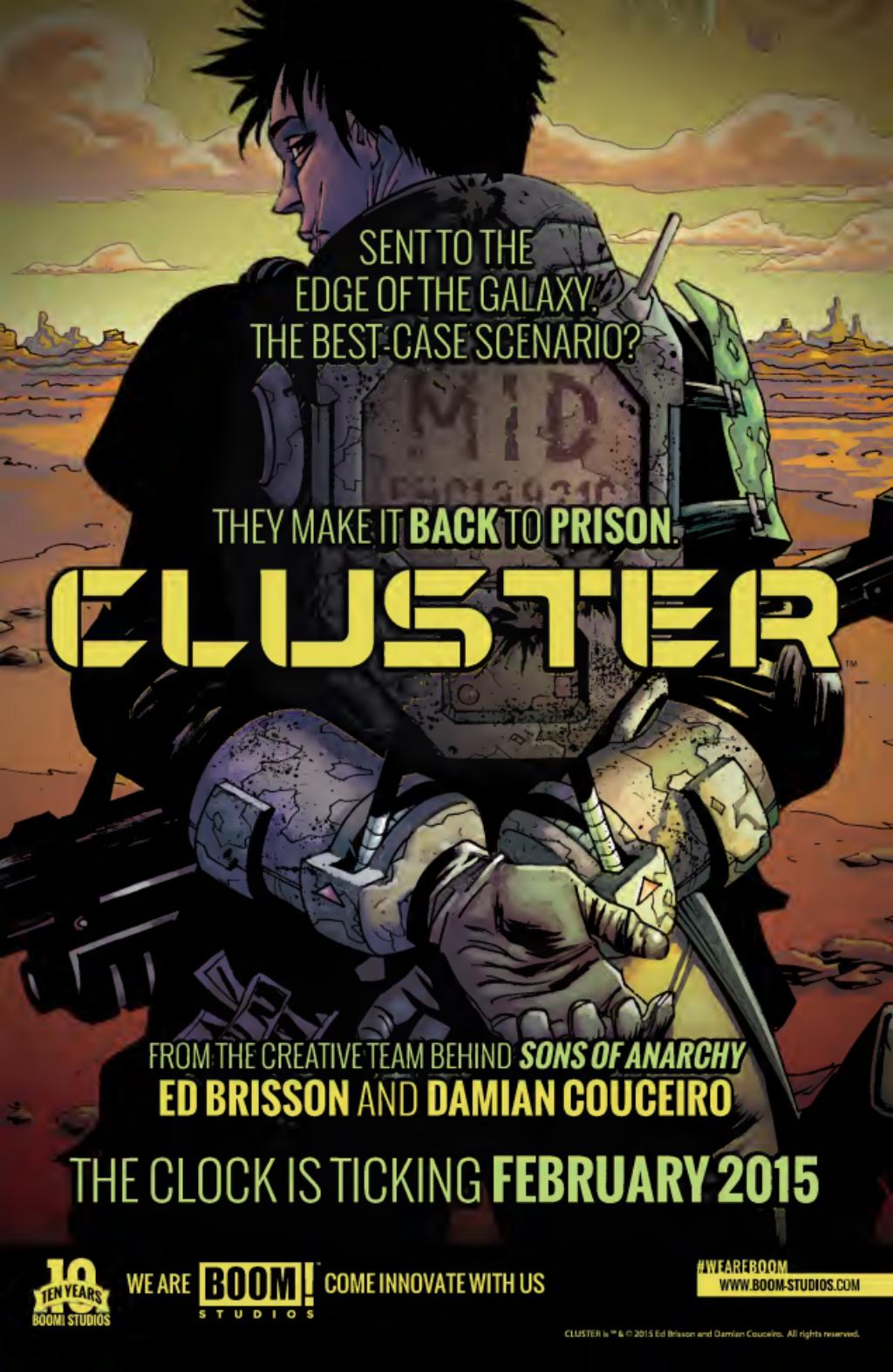
DAISY CHAIN ★ VIOLET VOLT ★ BLOODY MARY ★ DERBY GIRL ★ MACHETE BETTY

KISS PAVEMENT ★ FEBRUARY 2015



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SENT TO THE  
EDGE OF THE GALAXY.  
THE BEST-CASE SCENARIO?

THEY MAKE IT **BACK TO PRISON.**

# CLUSTER

FROM THE CREATIVE TEAM BEHIND **SONS OF ANARCHY**  
**ED BRISSON** AND **DAMIAN COUCEIRO**

THE CLOCK IS TICKING **FEBRUARY 2015**



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